

Superstitions About Jewels.

IN olden times the sapphire was worn as a preventive against the bites of venomous reptiles and to keep away apparitions; the emerald to prevent giddiness and strengthen the memory; the ruby to ward off plagues and to make the wearer cheerful.

Can You Guess the Secret of the Violet Diamond of Daroon?



Magazine Page



The Rise of a Great City.
BUENOS AIRES was founded by Pedro de Mendoza in 1535, but was nearly destroyed by Indian tribes later. The real foundation of the city was effected on June 11, 1580, when Don Juan de Garay re-established the colony, bringing the settlers with him from Paraguay. The present population is estimated at over a million.

The Fatal Ring

A STORY OF ROMANCE AND MYSTERY

Pearl Arrives with \$25,000 Before the Astonished Followers of "the Spider."

Pearl, carrying the money for the release of Carslake, gives it to "The Spider" and his men



Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring."

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 7.

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IN the corner nearest the door three evil-looking men sat with their heads together, muttering in low tones. Pearl regarded them hesitatingly. They looked far from friendly, and yet they looked precisely the sort of men that might be in touch with the "Spider." Accordingly she mastered her unwillingness and drew near them.

"I beg your pardon," she said. They did not look up, nor take heed of her at all. She coughed. Still they did not cease their absorbing discourse. She leaned over and shouted quite loudly and not very politely:

"I say, where will I find the 'Spider'?"

At this the three men looked up and scrutinized her in some annoyance, but none of them answered.

She opened her bag, peeled a bill off the roll she had in it, and tossed it on the table. The instant she had shown her roll of bills she was sorry, but she gave no sign of this.

"Hurry! I have no time to waste!" she said more irritably than she felt.

The three men exchanged glances, and one of them made a sign to the others.

"The 'Spider' says you," he repeated, glancing at her. "To be sure, Miss. This way!"

The Reward of Trust.

He rose and led the way to the back room, Pearl following him. They passed into a smaller room, beyond.

The two men, left behind, grinned at each other. One of them took out a handkerchief and began to twist it into the form of a garrote. The other nodded, smacking his thick lips. Both rose carefully and made their way after Pearl and their colleague.

Foibles of the Famous.

Many are the foibles of genius. Mascagni, who wrote Cavalleria Rusticana while working on his Japanese opera, arrayed himself in a flowing robe of Eastern style, with all his surroundings Oriental in character, gallons of coffee being consumed as necessary to inspiration.

Red was detected by "Lewis Carroll," the creator of "Alice in Wonderland," and a little girl who came to visit him was absolutely forbidden to wear a red frock in his company. Pink and gray were his favorite combinations. In personal matters he had a great fear of extravagance, and would only wear cotton gloves. He never wore an overcoat, and always sported a tall hat.

He was devoted to the cup that cheers but not inebriates, and while writing "Alice in Wonderland" he consumed enormous quantities of tea. While composing he used to walk up and down the room, swinging the teapot

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE
Richard Carslake Warner Oland
The High Priestess Ruby Hoffman
Nicholas Knox Earle Foxe
Tom Carleton Henry Gsell

In the little dark back room, the man who had volunteered to guide Pearl, stopped and said:

"Wait here, just a minute, miss."

"What for?" asked Pearl.

"The 'Spider,' answered the man, impatiently.

"But how do you know he'll be here? How does he know I want to see him?"

"The man made no reply; he was staring toward the door through which they had come. Pearl turned and glanced toward it, too. It opened to admit the other two men who had been sitting at the table.

Pearl, fearful, then, and turned swiftly, but her guide clapped his dirty hand over her mouth, smothering her scream at its very inception; one of the other men threw the handkerchief about her neck and tightened it unpleasantly; the third man tore her handbag from her fingers.

Pearl struggled valiantly, but she was no match for the three of them. She was borne backward—felt herself weakening—falling—and then—

"The Spider" Appears.

The door in the back of the room opened, and a strange figure stood framed in the doorway. He was small and twisted—a hunchback—with thin, wisened face and sharp glittering eyes. They were gray—his eyes—and his hair was a grayish brown. His skin was pallid with an unwholesome pallor; and his hands were long and thin and sinuous.

"What's all this," he asked

slowly, looking from one face to another, curiously.

For an instant the three rogues did not answer. They seemed abashed—ill at ease—almost frightened.

"Release her," said the "Spider."

They obeyed sullenly. The one who had her handbag gave it back to her.

"Theft, eh? A hold up?" said the "Spider" sarcastically. The three men hung their heads. The "Spider" looked at Pearl.

"What is the trouble, young woman?" he asked.

"I was looking for the 'Spider,'" said Pearl. "I asked these gentlemen and they said they'd show me the way. They got me in here, and—"

"She shrugged.

"I am the 'Spider,'" said the hunchbacked man, with an odd little bow.

He glanced at the three thugs. They turned without a word of protest and shuffled out.

"Come with me, please," said the "Spider."

He turned and started out and up the stairs. After an instant's hesitation, Pearl followed him.

At the top they turned into a bare little room, very poorly furnished. A dormer window looked out over the city. A small lamp lighted the place dimly.

The "Spider" waved her in with a hospitable air.

"Now, what can I do for you?" he asked pleasantly.

Pearl met his curious gaze frankly.

"I want you to have Richard Carslake freed from prison before eleven o'clock to-night," she said.

The "Spider" stared back his head and cackled with laughter.

She Gets the Money.

"Before eleven o'clock to-night?" he repeated, when he had recovered his breath. "My dear child, you leave me hardly any time at all. I couldn't think of attempting it—under fifty thousand dollars in cash."

She opened the bag and laid the twenty-five thousand before him.

"Here is half the amount," she said in a matter-of-fact tone of voice. "I will return in half an hour with the rest. Make your plans."

She turned and hurried from the room without another word, leaving the "Spider" staring after her in utter bewilderment.

Straight to the Night and Day Bank she went, drew the money she required and returned. She found the "Spider" and his three thugs seated in earnest conversation. As she advanced and threw the second twenty-five thousand dollars in bills on the table all four men stared at her in bewilderment.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

By Jean de la Hire

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

(Copyrighted.) PART ONE—(Continued.)

MR. MARTHA was standing in middle of her room. When she saw Molette she opened her arms, and the young girl threw herself into them, weeping.

The embrace was a long one. To both it seemed as if one had found a mother, the other a daughter. Ineffable things crossed their minds and hearts. They tried to speak, but emotion choked them till their words came out in sobs.

Mme. Martha at length succeeded in murmuring:

"Molette, I am saved. I don't know how it happened, but it is true. I shall never lose my mind again!"

"Yes, I know it," replied Molette in a whisper. "Hilda told me. Now happy I could be, madame, if I were not suffering so—if—if—"

"What is it, dear? Tell me," begged Mme. Martha in anguish.

"If I were not insane myself?" sobbed Molette.

Mme. Martha felt a sharp pain.

"Inane?" she asked. "Why—why—why? Did you say so?"

"Then you know?" asked Molette.

"I know nothing—you went on a voyage—you came back."

"Voyage?" smiled Molette.

She disengaged herself from Mme. Martha's arms, and, taking the old woman's hands, drew her toward the divan.

"Come, madame, she said in a stronger voice. "Come, for what I have to tell you will take a long time. We must sit down, and we must try to control ourselves."

Molette related swiftly all that had happened since her virgin heart had first been touched upon beholding Hictaner at Aurora's chair.

She told the story of the young man's revelations, of her own reflections, of Severan's passion and her abduction, and captivity.

Naturally, during the narrative, Molette used Severan's name several times.

The first time the word struck Mme. Martha's ears she grew terribly pale and laid back in the cushions as if she were going to faint.

But Molette, who was all absorbed in her own memories and was not looking at Mme. Martha, did not notice the impression her words had made.

Little by little she grew calmer, though she was still pale, and her hands trembled nervously.

She forced herself to listen to Molette's tale without betraying her anguish.

Having related the details of her deliverance by Antil and his companions, Molette exclaimed:

"But, alas, was it a deliverance or another captivity? I have stumbled upon the solution of such fearful mysteries!"

The child's words made Mme. Martha's trembling increase, for she too had stumbled upon a terrible revelation.

Molette was running on feverishly. "Listen, madame, there is more! I have come to the most serious part of all—things which it would have been better for me to have never known."

"When Antil took Vera and me from Rosas Grotto we went first to a little house where my childhood was spent at Cabrera Island in the Balearic."

"I knew that Vera was locked in the little apartment, which you occupied for some time—and I was taken to my old room. It was just as I left it when we came to the Lost Isle. I could not see it again without emotion."

"Mademoiselle," Antil said to me, 'you will be obliged to stay here until we receive further orders from the master.'"

"That will not take long. I will telephone him, but as my message must be received and sent through eight successive telephone stations, and as the answer must come by the same route, and as I must clean and stock up the electric launch, you are here for forty-eight hours at least, I am afraid."

"You are mistress here, you understand, so you are to employ your time as you like. You are no longer any one's prisoner. The launch is open and we are all your very humble servants."

Where is Hictaner?

"Then I said to Antil: 'Do you know where Hictaner is?'"

"Hictaner?" he said with a surprise which seemed genuine to me, 'Hictaner? Who is he?'"

"What? I said. 'Don't you know?'"

"I never heard that name," he answered.

"His look and his words seemed

perfectly honest to me. In my excitement I was going to explain to him in detail when the thought came to me that since this man who was so devoted to my father and uncle did not know anything about Hictaner, it must be a great secret which I was not to betray.

"No! I kept silent and without any explanation went out to walk on the rocks to wait for the meal which I had ordered as soon as I came."

"A fine rain began to fall and my walk was shortened, so I came back to the house."

"As I was about to go up to my room, I was seized with curiosity to see the mysterious submarine telephone station, a description of which I had read here in a book in the library and which for some reason united the island of Cabrera to the Mediterranean with Lost Isle in the Balearic Gulf."

"Instead of going up the stairs, I set out to find the entrance to the station. Following my recollection of the plan I had always seen here in the library, I went down a rather steeply descending passage which led underground, since I had been standing on the ground floor."

"Electric lamps lighted the passage. I counted fifty-three steps before I reached an iron door with neither lock nor handle nor bolt. How could it be opened? I wondered."

"Like those on the Lost Isle, undoubtedly, and indeed I found, almost immediately, an ivory button hidden in the rocky wall. I pressed it and the door opened, revealing a stairway whose first steps alone were distinct, for it was only lighted by a small electric bulb."

"I was going down, however, when a sudden thought made me draw back."

"Antil was probably in the telephone room."

"How would he receive my visit? Would my curiosity seem permissible to him, or would he ask me very firmly to never again enter places not allowed me by my father and uncle?"

"Would he not, besides, take precautions to prevent me ever going again?"

"Something powerful and mysterious was forcing me to visit the forbidden post alone."

"My talks with Hictaner had given me some insight into these mysteries. Antil's ignorance only added to the darkness which my mind so longed to penetrate."

"I felt that I should find out some things in this telephone post which would make me see more clearly the relationship between my father, Hictaner, my uncle, myself, and Severan; things which would further explain to me things which would untangle somewhat the snarl of words and facts with which my mind had so hopelessly grappled since my first interview with Hictaner."

"On the spot I decided upon a ruse, and I went up to my room again, deciding to wait for night to explore the lower regions of Cabrera Isle."

The Midnight Visit.

"I will not describe my impatience nor the subtleties by which I tried to hasten the march of time."

"I went to bed at 9 o'clock as if to sleep. At midnight I got up, put on my felt slippers and a soft, warm pig-nail, dark in color, and taking an electric pocket lamp which I found in my room, I descended rapidly to the ground floor of the house."

"I went through the passage, the iron door, the stairway."

"Suddenly I found myself in the telephone station. It was a large, square room, filled with machines."

"A great stone table with a thick glass top, larger than usual—a receiver and a weird telephone transmitter."

"A little discouraged by seeing no books or notes lying about which I could consult, I was looking vaguely at the apparatus when a brisk ring made me jump."

"It came from a bell hanging over the receiver. It lasted fully a minute."

"Then there was silence."

"My heart beat hard, as if something serious were being vaguely forecast."

"Some moments passed thus in irresolution."

"I heard the click of opening doors, and of steps more and more distinct. 'Some one was coming.'"

"I was confused for a moment, but hid quickly behind the rocky foundation of a large apparatus, putting up my electric lamp and, crouching down, hardly breathed."

(To be Continued Tomorrow)

Oh, No, Nothing Wrong

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

Nothing the Matter with This Woman—All She Needs Is the Necessities of Life.



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

WHEN the price of food doubles and trebles, and one luxury after another must be removed from the table of the well-to-do, what do you think happens in those homes where the original price only just sufficed to keep body and soul together?

There are thousands of tragedies that never become known outside their little circle of helpless observers. Those who have made fortunes in foodstuffs, and who call the conditions which exist in our country to-day "prosperity," have, fortunately for their own comfort, little imagination.

The woman in the picture is an authentic case. She is a widow. She was very frail before her good husband died, and she has grown more frail during the few years that have passed since he left her. Her boy, to whom she clung as the last link of her old happiness, was placed in an institution only after a desperate year on the part of his mother. The railroad fare to

that institution is completely beyond her slender earnings.

Kind friends, who are only one degree removed from her own poverty, have taken her into their home. When she is well she earns enough money coloring artificial flowers to pay them what she costs them—never can she stretch her earnings to cover the railroad fare to that institution.

Lately what little strength she had seems to have disappeared altogether. She has been unable to understand this painless weakness. Finally with one of her treasured dollars she consulted a doctor. What she found out from him was more discouraging than the announcement of some dire disease.

"Go to bed," said the doctor, "take two bottles of milk a day and four fresh eggs at least. Here is a prescription for a tonic."

What she needed was merely nourishing food!

Are You a Good Listener?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"YOU go straight ahead and then take the third turn to the left. Then you go ahead till you come to the railroad bridge, and turn to the right. Then to the left for a couple of miles and you come right out back of the place you're looking for."

Sounds fairly simple, doesn't it? And yet not one of the seven people in the automobile was capable of remembering exactly what the country man had said: "Too many lefts and rights in that sentence," laughed the owner of the car. And the rest of the occupants confessed that they had only "half listened" because they were sure somebody else was getting it.

The other afternoon I had a chat with one of the most constructive business men in the country. We were discussing a proposition in which everyone in the room was deeply interested. With a good-natured twinkle in his keen eyes, the Big Man leaned over and spoke to me. "I'm going to tell you folk exactly how I feel about this proposition—exactly the way I have worked it out. When I get through I'll wager nobody here will have exactly the idea that I'm trying to convey."

And nobody did.

Few are good listeners. First of all, we do not concentrate; secondly, and sadly, we do not react intelligently to what we hear; and finally, we make no particular effort to grasp, analyze, or remember.

We listen intelligently as to get your

ques from life. You can pick up all sorts of splendid ideas by listening to what the other chap has to say.

Recently a crowd was discussing a brilliant writer whom no one in the party liked. I had expressed a desire to meet her, for it seemed that one who had such a clear grasp of human characteristics must be a marvelously interesting young woman.

"Oh, you won't like her!" said one of the girls. "She never gives anything. She draws you out and gets your ideas and never gives you one of her own. She isn't a bit of fun."

Well, probably the young woman in question does not contribute much to a social afternoon. But she must get a great deal from one.

Listening is not a mere trick of the ears. Listening in the highest sense means observing, noting and making deductions from voice and manner as well as from words.

Most people are well worth studying. If a woman has no more to say than "How are you feeling to-day?" the clever observer notes a nasal twang and places it—New England, or possibly Indiana.

"No one can lie to John Harrison," said a man to me recently. "You look him straight in the eye and tell him a perfectly good yarn, thinking you are getting away with it—and, by Jove, Johnny grins good-naturedly and picks you up. It's magic. I don't know how he does it."

"He listens carefully," I suggested.

"Listen, nothing! I've been in the room when he's detected some man in a fake. I've been listening, too—listening hard—and I haven't been wise to the vulnerable point in the story."

"Do you listen with your eyes, and your heart, and soul, and mind?" I asked.

"Don't give us any of that idealistic bunk. I listen with my ears, like any other sensible citizen. John Harrison has some sixth sense, that's all."

"No. I think he only uses the ones he has and uses them all off of the time. If you're so busy drinking with your ears that your eyes don't notice a quiver of sensitive nostrils or a flicker in otherwise steady eyes, you aren't really listening," I began.

"When you say 'listen' you mean observe," retorted the man in superior man fashion.

And I let him have the last word, for when I say "listen" I do mean "observe."

The only way to meet the problems of life and the interplay of personality on personality is to observe the quality of a man's voice when he is speaking, the expression of his eyes, the poise of his whole body. People convey what they mean in other ways than by mere verbal expression, and no one who listens mechanically is really hearing what is meant.

If a man tells you that of course two plus two equals five, you may merely think him an idiot—or you may listen wisely enough to get the fact that he thinks you are!

The value of listening intelligently to all of life is to get over-ones and under-ones—to hear what is said in words and what is conveyed by the unsaid thought—the unexpressed mental reservation.